

Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi®^{#8}

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"HELLO, DAVE!
THIS IS CARLOS
REY, FROM
HIALEAH, FLORIDA.
PICK UP YOUR
DAMN PHONE,
MAN!!!

It was bound to happen. The handwriting was on the wall. The stress and pressure of exposing Titan for all these years has finally taken a toll on him.

Alas, in the tradition of our good friend Steve Beverly (and after years of trying to convince an uncaring world of the allegedly seamy, apparently steroid-driven, reportedly child-abusing, and possibly sexually assaulting underbelly of the "real" WWF), Wrestling Observer Newsletter editor Dave Meltzer--in a final effort to journalistic-ally bury Titan Sports and have something REAL to talk about on his WRESTLING HOTLINE--has gone mad.

Not content to simply report the rumored atrocities committed within the Vince McMahon empire, Meltzer has now stooped to making up, creating, and fabricating his own idea of what constitutes a "new" WWF-related crime worthy of U.S. Federal indictment.

The really sad thing, too, is that what Meltzer now claims to be the latest sin, well, it's

SNS--SUSHI NEWS SERVICE

ATLANTA, GA -- Sushi News Service has learned that (in order to save money by shying away from the signing of expensive big-name talent) WCW will continue to hire mostly big, cheap, little known, or has-been wrestlers, providing them with fascinating new names, wild costumes, and clever gimmicks.

According to one source, a "key" gimmick for most of these new WCW main event workers will be terrific, state-of-the-art, crowd pleasing sound effects much like, and in some cases even better than, those used for years by such superstars as the late Bruiser ("Bark! Bark!") Brody, Tug ("Toot-toot!") Boat, Van ("Huss! Huss!") Vader, and Ric ("Woowoooo!") Flair. WCW will announce these new stars and their (noisy) gimmicks shortly.

LIKE THE MOVIE, THIS WRESTLER WANTS TO 'BOX' MADONNA!

HOLLYWOOD, CA -- No stranger to controversy, pop singer-movie star Madonna once again has created an international stir, this time in Japan, especially among the ranks of the Japanese wrestling profession whose members are outraged over "comments" the blonde American sex symbol has made regarding Japanese wrestlers in her new music video "Rain."

According to Atsushi Onita of Frontier Martial Arts Wrestling, his FMW office received a fax from PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE writer and Pro Wrestling Torch columnist Mark Madden concerning what Madden claims is a racially repugnant, xenophobic, anti-Japanese pro wrestling "statement" which appears in the "Rain" video.

"It's as clear as rain," says Madden, "what Madonna is saying on her new video, especially the part where the voluptuous sex goddess 'mentions' something unkind in reference to Japanese wrestlers."

"Just watch the video, especially the part where Madonna is surrounded by fake rain. Even the good-looking Asian babe at the sound controls in the video is wearing a facial expression of surprise because of what Madonna 'says' (with her hands) when the blue-eyed sex-crazed vixen is 'speaking' (in sign language) as she sings about rain.

"This video isn't about rain at all," says the man who single-handedly returned Cowboy Bill Watts to his home-home on the range. "It's a cleverly disguised, subliminal Pearl Harbor job against the Japanese people, Japanese culture, and Japanese grappling!"

According to Madden, "There are several offensive things the black wig-headed, red-lipped, ripe-titted American version of Tokyo Rose conveys during parts of her film-song when she is gracefully undulating her slender arms and wrists in the air and twisting and snaking her soft hands and long fingers in sensuous rhythm to the music.

"Essentially, roughly translated, via Japanese sign-language, Madonna is saying, 'Oh-h-h, my boney white American ass itches so-o-o much. I need a big fat Japanese shoot-kicker to scratch it for me, preferably someone from New Japan, and definitely not some little rice picker who's wrestled Terry Funk and Mr. Pogo in matches using fake barbed wire and fake firecrackers!'"

"Jesus!" says Madden. "Is she trying to start World War III!?" When contacted at his FMW office in Japan, Atsushi Onita said he

rather...l-a-m-e.

In the 9/20 Observer, Meltzer tells readers that a video exists which contains footage of former WWF announcer Mel Phillips "caveating" with some ring boys.

"Caveating???"

It would have been one thing if Dave had said Phillips was "cavorting" with ring boys. But no, apparently the term "cavorting" is not spicy or unsavory enough for Dave, who just had to go and claim in print that Phillips was "caveating," a highly disgusting act, I guess, in Campbell-by-the-Sea, which the Funker & Wagnals Dictionary defines as when..."an interested party files a formal notice with proper legal authorities, directing them to refrain from an action until the party can be heard!"

I don't know about you, sports entertainment fans, but I fail to see "jail time" in that!!!

Jeez...

Hey! What's that groaning I hear?

Hello, everyone, I'm Jeff Mullins, editor of this little journal of truth, justice, and, the American...ahhh, let's face it.

Meltzer is right, dammit! "Caveating" is worse than a Bastion Booger butt drop (in slow motion replay.) Gawd, I hate it when I'm wrong!

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Looking back, I enjoyed SUMMERSLAM mostly because of the skill the WWF demonstrated in pulling off the good "big" show when it needed one and for reminding me that, indeed, wrestling as served up by the nation's top promotion can survive, even

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was outraged, that the honor of his country was at stake, and that he challenges Madonna to haul her itchy white American ass over to Tokyo, slather her naked body with napalm, and join him in an "empty arena" match inside a ring-sized wooden box full of rusty blues and unstable, undetonated 500-lb. bombs left over from a previous war. "When I'm done scratching Madonna's ass," snarled Onita, "she won't have an ass left to scratch!"

According to Faxmaster Madden, Madonna also sign-linguaged some biting "milking the bull" hand movements about REAL WRESTLING HOTLINE operators Dave Meltzer, Jim Herd, and John Arezzi. "But that's another fax," said Madden, who burst into his trademarked Woody Woodpecker laugh.

'CHOO-CHOO!'

ATLANTA, GA -- "Proof that good, strong, personalized sound-effects as gimmicks really work," says Eric Bischoff of WCW, "is evidenced by the phenomenal upturn in house business, television ratings, and concession sales caused by WCW's current, hottest new role-model-for-black-youth, none other than the overnight superstar known as Ice Train, who enters the arena making the 'Choo-Choo!' sound.

"Whatever success WCW is having right now," swears Bischoff, "it is due to the human locomotive we've called Ice Train and the crowd-pleasing ring entrance train whistle 'Choo-Choo!' noise that he makes."

According to the WCW official, other big, green new-comers, or over the hill wrestlers begging for work, are being signed up now and are being given catchy new names and "sensational" new sound effect gimmicks designed to please the demanding tastes and discerning intellectual palates of the majority of WCW's fans.

[The following is dedicated to Steve Sims who, long ago, tried to convince me I was missing something amazing. --Jeff Mullins, Editor]

OPENING NITE OF LUCHA LIBRE...LIKE FIRST-TIME SEX !!!

Oh, kind sirs and gentle madams of the squared-circle, forgive me if I seem a bit jubilant tonight! Please overlook it if I seem to wax slightly poetic about what I did tonight! And whatever you do, don't hold it against me, especially if I sound like a happy virgin who just lost his cherry tonight!

What else can I say to beg your patience? I am not myself tonight. Tonight, albeit temporarily, I have been transformed. My pro wrestling genes and molecules have been rattled about like dried pinto beans in a tin can.

Tonight, wrestling-wise, I was transported to another world, another planet, another solar system. Like Dorothy said to her little pooch after the tornado whisked her and the mutt to Oz ("Jeez, Tojo, this ain't just another spot show in Kansas any mo!") I, too, was spirited off to another place, another realm, another pro wrestling dimension unlike any I have ever experienced.

The feeling was better than great; it went way past terrific; it traveled light years beyond orgasmic!

Wrestling-wise, where I went tonight, reminded me of what I recall feeling when I attended the historic, first-ever Roy Shires-promoted Big Time Wrestling card at the old San Francisco Cow Palace, and when I met and had a one-hour private conversation with "The Blond Bomber" aka "Crippler" Ray Stevens in a restaurant at Jack London Square in Oakland (just after he turned face), or when I saw my first cable TV show from HOT-lanta featuring a young and never rowdier Roddy Piper, a maniacal Buzz Sawyer, and an amazing Dusty Rhodes (when he really was the American Dream), or when the WWF held its first big Bay Area card in a sold-out, minor-league, San Jose Municipal baseball stadium (in no less than a freezing, pouring rain), and when I finally got to meet (in

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flourish, without Hulk Hogan.

No matter what jokes have appeared over the years in this sheet, with few exceptions (The Gulf War gimmick being about the only angle that really bothered me) I've always liked Hogan and most of the angles Pat Patterson booked around him, especially during the early and middle years of Hulk's reign as the WWF's top face. But, as the case may be, the only time during S'SLAM that Hogan even came to mind was when Lex Luger was making the "big comeback" during the main event against Zuna the Tuna.

Change the color of Lex's trunks, the wrist bands, the boots, etc., and it could have been Hogan himself. Sure, Luger has his work cut out for him, being in the shadow of Hogan, expected by some to draw as good or better than Hogan did near the end of Hogan's reign, but let's face it, Lex isn't Hogan, and pro wrestling's current climate ain't exactly where it was in the '80s. For better or worse, in a brief period of time (and in the wake of that awful Narcissist gimmick), the WWF has developed a good, suitable, new face heavyweight champion (or "challenger" as the case may be) and one that does not necessarily have to support the entire weight of the WWF's fortunes on his (Ouch!) reportedly injured back alone, especially if the WWF brain-trust can come up with more good matches, exciting angles, and

person!) early Observer cult heroes like Ron Lemieux and Klon whose letters (along with those from Bill "Potshot" Kunkel, John Hitchcock, Bruce Mitchell, Ernie Santilli, etc.) use to regularly adorn that sheet's once awesome READERS' PAGES.

Neil Diamond, the singer, once had an album out called "Hot August Nights." Well, folks, I wasn't attending a Neil Diamond concert tonight. What I was attending this hot evening on August 27, 1993, was something that a fellow grap fan named Steve Sims, not long ago, became crazy over, something called "Lucha Libre" (or Mexican-styled rassling), the first-ever card of its kind during this new era of lucha promoted by AAA in Northern California, just one night before the really big 8/28 show in Southern California which would set an attendance record.

Like I said, from start to finito, the experience was outta this world (and while I probably still won't go out of my way to watch much of the stuff on TV--why over do it?), I'll definitely be one of the few lilly-white gringos who was at the San Jose State University Recreation & Entertainment Center (SUREC) tonight who, no doubt, will line up at the ticket windows once again when the luchadores return to town.

A night of Lucha delight begins for this American-bred grap fan...

As I climb wide cement steps which lead up to a spacious terrace fronting the main entrance to SUREC arena, it's almost one hour before showtime. Already the baseball infield-sized terrace is three-quarters filled with a thousand people waiting to get in. Dusky shadows cast by tall trees and San Jose State University buildings, where I once spent many semesters of my life, spread long arms across the heads and shoulders of the predominantly Hispanic-speaking, nicely dressed, family-type crowd which murmurs festively and makes a soft, Ric Flair-like wooing noise when ticket-takers begin opening the thick glass doors.

I stand off to the side of the crowd as it slowly begins to surge forward into what a box office official has told me is a 6000 seat building when it's set up for wrestling. Already the \$25 ringside seats are sold-out with only \$20 General Admission ducats remaining. Kids pay half price for either seats and for a few minutes, here and there, I tabulate the people still climbing the steps and notice that adults of all ages, mostly males, out-number kids about 5 to 2, which means that a full house is scaled for about \$100,000 or somewhat less depending on the amount of paper AAA had to give the local sponsor and KLOK and Channel 22, the endorsing Hispanic language radio and TV stations.

Between bouts of head-counting, I also notice that whites are outnumbered by black-haired, dark-eyed, brown-skinned people about 300 to 1, and that many of the "caucasians" walking across the terrace apparently are spousal mates of the Hispanic fans. For a few moments, I am concerned about being the only white boy in the place and thoughts about my personal safety arise. I think this is a natural feeling, not one derived from racial prejudice, and also maybe it's the the survival instinct kicking in, since San Jose has its share of "gangs" populated by Hispanic youth who for the most part live on the city's East Side or inner core where this campus arena is located. But as minutes go by, I can tell by the crowd's make-up, dress, behavior, and mood (and by the absense of "colors" and beepers) most of these fans are here to enjoy the action, not to become the "action" themselves. I chide myself for worrying about it when I realize I am among fellow grap fans. Nicely dressed grap fans.

In fact, I am about the only person dressed like a slob, as I am wearing a tank top and shorts. Well, that's until I bump into Observer editor Dave Meltzer whose buffedness is barely contained by his own weight-lifter's tank top. (Immediately I think, "Jeez, he says he doesn't take steroids or use human growth hormones, and I do believe him, but can ICOPRO, eating vitamins, and saying prayers alone do all that!?" Meltzer and Lex Luger. Genetically gifted, I guess. Either that, or putting out a ten page sheet full of match reports and foreign

interesting twists and turns like the ones involving Jim Cornette and The Bodies vs The Steiners, and Jerry Lawler & Doink vs The Entire Family Sprung from Stu Hart's Loins.

Sure is interesting how, in one way or another, the three best matches at S'SLAM involved present and former regional territories: USWA, SMW, and Calgary.

Some of the sights and sound bites from S'SLAM which still linger for me include:

1-2-3 Kid "worried" during his pre-match interview that IRS had a "size advantage." Size advantage? If you ask me, in a few short months the Kid no longer looks like a skinny-assed newsletter editor. Looks more like he's suddenly become "genetically gifted," or else he's passed his steroid test by peeing through a masking agent (or an agent wearing a mask.) Kid's drop kicks from the second story on IRS's jaw were awesome.

Am still laughing whenever I recall Hart not letting go of Lawler in the sharpshooter with all the refs and agents pacing around inside the ring unable to pull them apart. The scene reminded me of when I was a city kid and this one neighbor's female dog would always come into heat and she'd always escape from her owner's yard and my friend's male dog would jump his fence, too, and the two dogs would start mating out in the middle of the street and, when they were done, would usually get stuck together drawing a crowd of spectators who

correspondence gives Meltzer plenty of time during the rest of the week to hang and bang at the gym!) Nonetheless, as it turns out, of all the people present tonight, Dave and the wrestler called Konnan are the two "biggest" dudes in the house, with both of them looking like they could pass for a third Steiner Brother, or at least a long lost twin of Scott's. We are talking b-i-g, folks. R-e-a-l-l-y big. And Konnan is only slightly bigger.

At one point there is a flurry of excitement on the terrace as a large, jovial group arrives. The people in the group are dressed party-like and they are coming up the stairs and they are surrounding two well-dressed little guys. The little fellows are slightly more than three-feet tall and they are carrying large nylon athletic bags. But what is more unusual than their size is that they are wearing...wrestling masks!

At first I think they are just a couple more of the many kids coming to the show whose parents are allowing them to wear masks of their favorite wrestlers, elaborate, colorful masks which a sidewalk vendor is selling at a brisk pace for \$10 apiece. I noticed earlier that dozens of little kids, a few older kids, and even some young men, are wearing these masks as they wait on the terrace to get into the arena. In the past, when I've attended WWF and WCW house shows, I've seen my share of face-painted Little Stingers, teenagers wearing Road Warriors make-up, the ever-present Hulk Hogan look-a-like dude and, occasionally, some lost soul who is wearing a home-made Mr. Wrestling mask and is very serious about it.

Since I am now standing with Mike Wood, a sports editor for a chain of newspapers over in San Joaquin Valley who is also the only other white guy I've recognized before spotting Dr. Mike Lano, we both mention that these particular little people must be a pair of the infamous Mexican wrestlers who are appearing on tonight's card. But the deal is...they really don't look like midgets. They are well-built muscular-wise and they carry themselves with the confidence of celebrity, but they don't have that bowl-legged, mishapened, big-butted, waddling look which I normally associate with most of the midget wrestlers I've seen in the U.S. What they actually look like, under their masks, are small, but powerfully constructed, agile, world-weary young kids, kids who (if I am right) are selected from among the millions who are fed, worked out, and cultivated to fit a mould.

Like I said, they look unlike any dwarfs I've ever seen and, later, once inside SUREC, where they comprise one half of the first match on the card, they wrestle unlike any midgets I've ever seen wrestle in my entire life.

To describe Mexican midget wrestling as being "awesome" (what these little guys do in the ring) and to characterize what is done to and with them by their opponents as being "incredible" would be gross understatements. Mind-blowing is the only phrase that even comes close to doing them justice.

As it turns out, the pint-sized, hooded luchadores who were out on the terrace are the face team, or tecnicos. One of them (Octagoncito) is a sawed-off, spitting image version of the famous wrestler Octagon, while his partner (Mascarita Sagrada) is a mini-clone of one of the masked wrestlers who will appear later in the night's six-man main event. The heelish rudos are a taller masked midget wearing a blond lion's mane and an even taller, yet very thin and nasty guy who reminds me of Art Barr's Beetlejuice character, which Art did in Portland and briefly with WCW. (This probably is no accident, since the third match of the night, another six-man, will feature the most charismatic rudo on the entire card, Love Machine, who is none other than American wrestler Art Barr, whose Mexican gimmick is a butch-haired, "USA"-chanting surfer who feigns jacking-off to the crowd to get heat. (I guess you can take the wrestler out of the stairwell, but you can't take the stairwell out

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invariably would pace about (like the WWF refs and agents in the ring) wondering what to do, until some clown came along with a pail of warm water and doused the dog's rear ends. (Hey, where was Doink and his bucket when he was really needed at S'SLAM, huh?)

Was Jubie Jay the only one who wanted to call the 900 SUMMERSLAM HOTLINE, for 99¢ a minute? And ask to speak to Rita Marie Chatterton?

Victor Borga? No, Ludvig Borga! Since when is the USA at odds with Finland? Did they beat our basketball team during the Olympics? Did they flood our markets with cheap computer parts? Do their blonds have more fun? Was Ludvig Borga actually lying when he said the awful things about America? Should we hate a man just because he talks funny and his hair cut reminds us of the Cole Twins? Oh, I get it. Love 'n' Xenophobia, WWF-style! Woooooo!

Giant Gonzales: the look, the beard, the eyes, the "Alley Oop" caveman outfit! Remember when Dave Meltzer's REAL WRESTLING HOTLINE bud-a-rooski, Jim Herd, spent about 100,000 WCW dollars on various costume schemes for El Gigante? Amazing what the WWF was able to do with El Gonzo using a pair of beige long-johns and a cheap can of dark brown spray paint.

Jim Cornette yelling about Yokozuna during the pre-match interview where Yoko's face takes up the entire TV screen: "Look into these eyes! You see

of the wrestler, as the old Oregon Armory rape charge "joke" goes. Like Barr will do in his match, the tallest "midget" plays the crowd constantly with significant effect. And it is during this first match where I learn that Lucha Libre crowds, unlike most major U.S. crowds, like to throw things into the ring. Lots of things. And that they are pretty good at it, too, especially when hurling full, Big Gulp-sized cups of Pepsi and ice cubes from the rafter seats with most of the cups' contents still intact before they explode on the mat or against the side of some poor sucker's head at ringside.

In brief, the midget match is part comedy, part ballet, part brutality of the realistic kind one would expect in a match featuring heels Roddy Piper or Terry Funk at their most vicious. Remember how the Harlem Globetrotters used to warm-up to Sweet Georgia Brown, tossing the ball around a human circle in a crazy yet fascinating rhythmic pattern? Much of the midget match is like this, one incredible move and bump after another, with the bigger "midgets" literally dribbling, behind-the-back passing, punting, twirling like batons, and slam-dunking the mini-guys around the ring as if they were rag dolls. "Holy f---ing shit, I can't believe this!" is the most overused phrase coming out of my mouth, especially when the next match begins, or, I should say, when the next match seques with the first match, becoming part of the end of the first match and the beginning of its own match without pause, as first three rudos in Halloween costumes run in and kick what's left of the crap out of the face midgets before they, inturn, are attacked by a trio of baby faced goblins. The combined result is what seems to be about 40-minutes of non-stop pyrotechnics with more strange, unbelievable moves per minute than during an entire year of WWF action as, at times, all six wrestlers are in making the squared-circle appear like a three-ring circus gone ballistic!

During the third match, another six-man which features a guy who even I know isn't the original Octagon under the trademarked mask, and Art Barr on the rudo team, is much less a Jushin Liger-styled workout but is none-the-less a brawl from beginning to end, with my focus mostly on Barr who turns in a journeyman's performance even though you can tell he is not allowed to go all out, since doing so would steal heat and thunder from the main event. During a night of visual treats (even the entrance music is so different and, in a way, more meaningful than U.S.) watching Art Barr work his ass off in the ring and then work his ass off some more on the way back to the dressing room (this crowd hates his guts, man) is a thrill in and of itself. Because it's unclear, I ask someone who won, and I'm amazed and relieved when Barr reaches the locker bay having been killed only a little bit by rabid fans who are stoning him with paper cups and anything else that is not nailed down.

When the main event begins, I am thinking it must be a law in Mexico that at least one or two wrestlers in each match must wear masks and that most main eventers who don't wear masks must look like old guys who are out of shape, as only Konnan looks like he wandered in from a WWF taping. For me, the final bout (while good) is also anti-climatic, looking like a WCW squash, with Konnan unimpressive while a solid working Perro "The Dog" Aguayo reminds me more of Al Madril up in Portland rather than Randy Savage with whom Meltzer would later equate him. (If anyone really wants to know how Mike Lano can afford all his globe-hopping wrestling trips, it ain't because of dentistry but is due, I'm sure, to all the money he makes doing photography, as he out-hustled this one Japanese photog and was in place for almost every major move, incredible bump, and out of the ring ariel maneuver. Yeah, maybe the doc deserves some of the crap he gets from some corners, but if you could have been there tonight watching Lano "work" too, you'd know why I've always have had a soft spot in my heart for this unsung hardcore and, to this day, why I feel both Meltzer and Keller were shit for the

no pity, no fear, no compassion!" Myself I saw no pupils, just big brown orbs with none of those little black dots in them.

When the Head Shrinkers and Bam-Bam Bigelow "attempted" their triple head-butt on Tatanka, it looked more like a "Meeting of the Minds," unless more than 100 total I.Q. points among them was needed for that distinction.

There is no truth to the rumor that when the Asian soloist sang the Japanese national anthem, Observer Editor Dave Meltzer arose from his sofa, stood at attention, and placed his hand over his heart as tears rolled down his cheeks.

By the way, how come Vince McMahon doesn't act like someone who's about to go the prison Meltzer and Torch columnist Bruce Mitchell and others keep putting him in? Seems to me McMahon's spirits are up and he's as funtional as ever. If I was facing and urn full of federal indictments and a possible stretch in the Big House, as they hint McMahon reportedly is, I'd be home in bed, depressed, snuggled up with my Gobble-Gooker doll, and I wouldn't be able to get out of the house from all the worry, let alone do all those MONDAY NIGHT RAW and SUPERSTARS OF WRESTLING tapings, fly to Mempho and punch out Jerry Lawler, and speak non-stop like a wild man for almost three hours during a pay per view, saying stuff like "Look at Yokozuna! Look at all that girth!" (That's not girth, Vince. That's the equator!)

When you recall all

unbalanced way in which they went out of their way to--unsuccessfully--bury Dr. Mike's St. Louis-Sam Muchnick gathering earlier this year.)

My final images of the night, as the crowd begins to go home, is a picture of the main event rudos taking turns standing on Konnan's prone body and head for about 15-minutes as Aguayo thanks the crowd, and (after the place is nearly empty) a snap-shot of this white guy who's wearing a weight-lifter's tank top and is the only really buffed guy in the house who's standing on a chair near ringside either looking for where they hid the midgets or, after his "lonely" experience at Smoky Mountain's Fanweek, looking for someone to recognize him. Toss him into the ring with a mask on, I say, and call him "El Observadorocito!"

VOMIT MAN

ATLANTA, GA -- "Yes," smiles WCW's Eric Bischoff. "It wasn't easy, coming up with new sound effects for WCW wrestlers, since--as you know--most of the great sound effects, like "Toot-Toot!", "Huff-Huff!", and "Bang-Bang!" have already been taken. But we at WCW have high hopes for the following new stars and their obvious great new entrance-sound effects, which will be piped into arenas over the public address systems and will drive wrestling fans crazy. Man-o-man," smiles Bishoff, "I can just hear them now!" Sound effects made by such renamed grapplers as:

Terry ("Baked Beans") Taylor, John ("Vomit Man") Tenta, Greg ("The Urninal") Valentine, Brutis ("Hot Dog Belch") Beefcake, Jack ("Balls Caught in His Zipper") Tatum, and Buddy ("Super Phlegm") Landell.

A MAN ~~and~~ HIS TRUSTY FAX MACHINE...THE REAL 'WORRIERS'!

Dear Unca Mark Madden,

Or maybe I should address you as Dear Unca big city sports columnist, "philosophically" skinny-assed newsletter writer, potential worker in WCW (or future dead person at the hands of Ole Anderson!)

I think any regular guy like you who'd actually send a fax to WCW's Ole Anderson, and take him up on his \$10,000 telephone-line challenge to step into the ring with him, well, personally I think a guy like this, a guy like you, despite the fact that Dave Meltzer exposed you as being a 300-pound fudge ball, has got to be a pretty tough customer (and also has got to own a pretty big set of gonads, man!)

El Gigante gonads! Gonads with hair! Lots of hair! Big, buffed, hairy, Jockey Shorts-expanding, HUMONGUS gonads, and if you and Ole Anderson ever did step into the ring to face each other, and if, indeed, it was a shoot (like you keep telling us), you just gotta know that Ole probably is gonna wear his steel-spiked Lumber Jack boots and that he's gonna go for your big hairy gonads, kicking 'em right outta your bags, man, and stuffing 'em down your throat!

I know that's what I'd do, if I were Ole Anderson and if I knew what the infamous Marky Mark of the underground press was capable of doing to my life and my career with a fax machine, like how you and your little Fax-o-matic sliced and diced Cowboy Bill Watts and his career, even though it looks like he deserved it.

Boy, I hope that you and your faxmeister never get p.o.'d at me, man! Anyway, you don't need to worry about that or what I might do, 'cause I'm a lover, not a fighter, and, anyway, I wear REEBOK cross-trainers and they don't have killer-spikes sticking out the sides.

With all due respect, Unca Mark, I know that you are a serious journalist, and a pillar in your community, and all, and I am really interested in seeing how all this works out between you and Ole. Just one thing, though. If and when you and he actually do climb into the ring and you go after his big hairy butt with your Famous Flying-Fax Finishing Hold, don't hurt him too bad, okay?

Remember, down deep, Ole's programmed to wrestle "light" and to always act like pro graps is NOT a work, and even though he might be a jerk in real life, and talk like a jerk on the 900-line, he might be thinking that you are only working him, too, when in fact you'd really

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the goofy Black characters Titan has used, or still uses, like Kamala, Papa Shango, Koko B. Ware, Virgil, Zeus, Men on a Mission, Mr. T, etc., wasn't it sort of odd seeing a normal-acting Black guy singing the American national anthem at S'SLAM? When Yoko Z-Man spit a gallon of snot into the crowd at ringside, did it not remind you of a geyser spewing from a sperm whale's blow hole? Yoko did have a point there when he complained about the referee's slow count when he was near-falling Luger. Could'a boiled a bucket of fish heads in the time it took Hebner to pound the mat. Yes, the little kid with b-i-g Luger lips in the Lex Express video is Lex's son. . .And, to quote Bobby Heenan at the show's end, "Will somebody p-l-e-a-s-e help Yokozuna!" (Like in how ta spell de woid d-i-e-t! The strain on his heart--not to mention the strain on his tights--has got to be incredible!)

Dear Eddie Goldman, New York, NY...

Hi, Eddie. Jeff, here. I just got home from a discount movie theater, located in Campbell-by-the-Sea (no less) where (needing a break from all things wrestling) I saw a late night screening of LAST ACTION HERO starrrrrrg Arrrrrrrrnnnnnooooo1111ld Schwarrrrzenegger. It seems like only last week that HERO came out on the heels of the big T-Rex flick and now, with summer on the back stretch, HERO's already in the \$2 houses, playing (appropriately?) with

like to be faxing his big butt back to the state of Minnesota! So, go easy on Ole, okay? A bit of spit in his eyes. A few solid chops to his tits. Maybe a little blood flowing from his forehead. But go easy, Mark. After all, Ole's got a wife and a kid...and a little dog, I think.

Hey, outside the sensational 1-2-3 Kiddo on the fabulous MONDAY NIGHT RAW, the great new-look and continually amazing contents of Wade Keller's Pro Wrestling Torch, and the debut-revival of Mike Terry's terrific old Arena Report column in Barry Rose's hot-hot-hot Chairshots, you and your fax-a-roo are the ultimate things in graps today, man!

Well, actually you are the second most ultimate things, 'cause nuttin' is betta or more ul-tee-mate than those long, 1-o-n-g, never-ending, Japanese match reports, MORE match reports, and, oh, so familiar stories that go on and on and on AND on f-o-r-e-v-e-r about steroids in the Observer. (Remember the days when half or more of the pages of WON were filled with lots of research, tons of inspired insights, and reams of interesting stories? Talk about wrestlers who make it big and then sit on their laurals, thinking that two-pages, I mean, two-minutes of highspots and effort is enough to fill a 10-page, I mean, a 10-minute squash. Oops! There I go again! Time for another mouthful of Dial Soap for me for trying to sneak a little playfully disingenuous Meltzer-bashing into a letter to you! (I guess Johnny B. ain't the only critter who's Baaaad, man!)

Best wishes and faxsimilie dreams to you, Unca Madman! From your noom-er-oh-hoo-no fan who lives near Campbell-by-the Sea.

Jubie Jay ("Foaming at the Mouth!") Mullins, age 9½
Sushiland, CA

WCW VIDEO ON MTV

ATLANTA, GA -- "The special sound effects compact disk and laser video of the new WCW stars and their auditorial gimmicks (it's called 'Like Stink Under Your Arm,' with a poetic introduction by Thunderbolt Patterson) will put the current WWF album to shame," says Eric Bischoff, who also has a small sound effects part in the video where he pulls off his shirt, sticks his left hand into his right arm pit, and jacks his right arm up and down like a pump handle.

According to Bischoff, "Stink Under Your Arm" will debut on MTV's highly rated BEAVIS & BUTTHEAD show. "Yes," says Bischoff, "We're going after the butthead market, not unlike what the WWF did years ago with 'Rock & Wrestling'."

SKITTLES, SPAGHETTI-O'S + THE 'SAYONARA POST'

Dear Shenan-u-make-me-laugh person(s),

A little late, but I just got done reading my Unca Jeff's double-issue copy of the JUNE/JULY '93 Shenanumake Post, and, alas, I learned another extremely painful but very important lesson in life, something they never taught me in Kindergarten: don't read really funny newsletters about pro wrestling when you're sitting slouched way down, almost horizontal on the sofa, while eating a big, spicy order of take-out spaghetti and meat sauce, cause when the noodles and tomato paste are only about half-way down your throat and stomach, and those little bits of meat and chopped onions are sliding past that critical opening where air goes directly down to your lungs or back up into your nasal passages, all of a sudden, without warning, you will laugh, and (holy grap sheet!) it's like Bastian Booger has just appeared from out of no where executing a butt drop on your upper anatomy causing pasta to explode into (and out of) every cavity and opening in your body, with the worst part being the barely chewed, partially digested, burning chunks of bell pepper, garlic, and snot--half of which blasts into your esophagus and brachial tubes, while the other half shoots out your nose, mouth, and eye-sockets like somebody has turned on a fire hydrant. It's really awful! But at least I'm learning, and, once again, I've got you Atlanta Boys, the Shenanumake Post, and pro wrestling to thank for

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something I think called BERNIE'S DEAD, AGAIN. After seeing and liking Sly Stallone's CLIFFHANGER, which was soundly bombed by media critics, and after reading a good article in September's PREMIER about how HERO started dying even before it opened, and about how it never got a decent push from the media, I decided to see it. I enjoyed it and can't really see why it was panned as badly as it was. Sure, it was no TERMINATOR II, but neither was it an ISHTAR. I thought HERO was humorous and sort of sweet, giving new dimension to Schwarzenegger as a versatile worker in action, comedy, and (now) dramatic roles. It was a solid *** stars, far from being the DUD critics labeled it. The fact that there were only about 60 people in a 250 seat house, and that I was only one of maybe ten people in the place really laughing (out loud) at the best lines, may say something, though.

Sort of like our mutual appreciation for pro wrestling, huh? A lot of people will never understand how we can stomach something like pro graps. And many of these same people, even if they accidentally read your great, two-page "Buddy Rogers & the Art of Pro Wrestling" piece in the July '93 issue of Wrestling Then & Now, would still be unable to fathom your love for wrestling and your heartfelt affection for Rogers, the joy graps and Buddy's career has brought to you, and how you could managed to

teaching me so much about real life.

I'm also thankful I wasn't reading your sheet the other day when I was out on the playground with some of my non-wrestling friends where I was eating a handful of SKITTLES while hanging upside-down from the jungle bars. Had I laughed then, I think a few of those SKITTLES would have rocketed out my nose like bullets out of an Uzi and would have killed someone! Sincerely, a wiser man am I.

Jubie Jay ("Hiccup!") Mullins, age 9½,
Sushiland, CA

[Editor's note: According to Jon "Craig Johnson" Horton, who co-publishes Shenanumake Post along with Steven "DeTruth" Prazak and Scott "Scott Hudson" Hudson, the Post will cease publication after its December '93 issue which will mark (and celebrate!) a full and glorious two years of providing all of us with the funniest, most insider wrestling-oriented coverage of the U.S. mat scene in the history of the sport. Like its humor-charged predecessors (Jeff Zinger's G.A.G., Lance LeVine's Chokehold, Bill "Pot-Shot" Kunkel's Angle, Brian Tramel's Rasslin Riot, our own Pro Wrestling Sushi, and Paul Djisadi's Heavily Papered), the Post has continually broken new ground in satire, great wrestling jokes, and highest-quality graphics production as its three editors (all of them legitimate pro wrestling "workers") have brilliantly sought out and reported "to the edge" a monthly wild-side of pro wrestling and a mercilessly hilarious view of its characters that is funnier than the sport itself. You can buy monthly back issues for \$3 each (really worth it!) and new issues while they last for \$2 apiece (also really worth it!) from Jon Horton, Shenanumake Post, Box 671683, Marietta, Georgia, 30067-0029. Make checks payable directly to Jon.]

JOHN TENTA'S VIDED MOONSALT WINS DAVE!

ATLANTA, GA -- "We are simply estatic!" says WCW's Eric Bischoff. "When we sent Dave Meltzer a copy of the 'Stink Under Your Arm' video-album we never dreamed he would lead off his newsletter's HERE AND THERE segment with a review of the album and that he would give the album a ****¼ star rating!"

According to readers of the Observer, Meltzer actually said much of the video and sound effects "sucked worse than the lungs of Superstar Billy Graham trying to climb a flight of stairs", but that since John ("Vomit Man") Tenta is also a big wrestling star in Japan, and since Tenta actually ate a huge meal of fish-heads, tomatos, and rice before he "performed" his colorful gimmick (and loud sound effect) while doing a Japanese-styled Moonsault off the top ropes, he gave the entire album an unusually high rating.

Said Meltzer, "Aside from the fish-heads, rice, and chunks of tomato which he spewed all over fans in Front Row, Section D, Tenta's Moonsault is the move of the year in my book, or, more accurately, it would be the move of the year in my 'year book' if Wade Keller turned into a frog tomorrow and I was still publishing one."

FRIED GREEN TOMATOS SQUID!

Jeff, did you know that a six minute phone call to Japan at the evening rate costs about the same as a six minute call to the REEEALLLLLL WRESTLING HOTLINE! —Eddie Goldman, New York, NY. . . Well, I, too, was ready and willing to take on Ole, so I called him up and told him I was the 4th Horseman (along with Plague, War and Paul Roma.) My own form of death was overeating, but that chickenshit bastard told me since my letters weren't in Sushi anymore, I was no longer considered a sheet writer. He told me, in effect, to f--k off! Jeff, give us back the letters page. Fire that kid Jubie Jay, or have Woody Allen or Michael Jackson babysit him—I want Ole's \$10,000 bad!—Dick Freeman, Yellow Springs, OH. . . [Sushiland received explanations from some of

Yeah, sometimes it's weird, going to and liking movies that most of the world shuns, or following and liking a "sport" that most other people wouldn't give a second thought to if you paid them.

What you wrote, Eddie, about Buddy Rogers, was very well crafted and tugged at my soul. Were Buddy able to read it now (do they get WT&N up in Pro Wrestling Heaven?), I am certain, without a doubt, he'd crack a smile and feel that most of his life on earth had been well spent. Nice, in a way, that even when someone

I saw that chilling old movie DELIVERANCE a few nights ago and ever since then I've had this fear of Bastion Booger coming out of the woods after me when I walk home from school. PS: Is there really a story about Meltzer and a girl in a leather bikini, pirate scarf and boots, like you mentioned in S.O.S.#7?—**Matt Creamer, Oshkosh, WI** [Yes, Matt, there is a story. It appeared in an old issue of the original Sushi after the B-more Bash in July, 1990. No, Matt. We are not selling old back issues at this time. For fun, why don't you contact Dave and ask him to mention you need a copy of that particular issue--Ed.]. . .Here's money and some more SASE's.—**John Hnatin, King of Prussia, PA.** [What? John? No suck-up letter or note with your re-order? Just \$\$\$ and SASE's? No comments like, "Hi, Jubie Jay!" Or "Sorry to hear that Jubie has to attend the 4th grade again." Jeez, John. To make up for this serious transgression, I want you to see the movie called FORTRESS!!--Ed.]. . . Keep up the wonderfully disgusting fresh bait you send, "When I least expect it!"—**From One of the Guys at Chairshots.** . . .I decided against spending a grand to hang out with Kahuna Dave Meltzer for four days in Tennessee. It didn't sound as if enough time was allocated for hanging out at "strip" bars or for studying the incestuous mating habits of SMW area fans.—**Bob Barnett, Santa Monica, CA.** [Bob, can you spell the words "horrible death?"--Ed.]

When I heard Chevy Chase was returning to TV, I thought he was

dies, the memories of them and the feelings we have for them don't have to go away, too. And that whenever we want, when the mood is right, we can still experience who and what they were--and still are--in our minds and hearts and in articles like your's in monthly newsletters like Evan Gingzburg's (which, by the way, can be had for \$7.50 for six months, by contacting Evan at WT&N, P.O. Box 471, Oakland Gardens Sta., Flushing, NY 11364. Yeah, call it a plug. But it's a well deserved plug.) Thanks for the memories, Eddie. Later, pal.

Got what may be my own last strange phone call from the mysterious voice at Titan (due to the "climate" in Connecticut not being all that good "health-wise") wherein over the years I've been tipped to little things I've never seen in other sheets, things which none-the-less have come true (or were close enough to the truth and which I printed in Sushi), and a few things I won't reveal, even in jest, unless substantiated with input from unimpeachable 2nd or 3rd parties whose identities are clear and known to me...

Anyway, since nobody has mentioned it, except in terms of puzzlement, "one" of the reasons for burying 1-2-3 Kid each night at house shows is simply to maintain credibility of the gimmick that a gangly, wimpy-looking "teenager" can still get lucky any night and embarrass his larger or more over opponents in angles yet to come.

going to host a talk show on FOX. Instead, it appears he has lowered his voice, bulked up considerably, and is now wrestling on TBS for WCW as the Shockmaster! After he burst through the wall and fell flat on his face, I wondered why he didn't say, "Live from New York, it's Saturday Night!!! PS: I didn't go to FANWEEK and I'm kicking myself now. Maybe next year.—**David Graw, Collierville, TN**. [David, you didn't go to FANWEEK? Please go see the movie FORTRESS and find out why "CRIME DOES NOT PAY!" Also, pay close attention to what happens to people's stomachs in the movie when that hideous "intestinator" device is turned on. For fun, Jubie Jay wants to give one of those little suckers to Dave Meltzer on Halloween, when Dave dresses up as Rick Steiner and comes trick-or-treating at Sushiland.--Ed.]

Jeff, this is serious. No joke. A friend of mine was having lunch at a Friday's in Dallas, Texas, and who did he see outside the restaurant? Yes! Kerry Von Erich's brother, Kevin!!! Amazing, isn't it? Kevin's still alive!! Who would have thunk it? All this time, and he isn't dead yet. What a story! Hope this makes your day. Sure makes me proud to be a pro wrestling fan!—**William Burnett, Mempho, TN** [William, why didn't you send this letter to the Observer? Why was Sushi so lucky to get this piece of hot news? Don't get me wrong. I'm not complaining. Just curious.--Ed.]. . .The latest "troubles" of Jubie Jay had me rolling!—**A Friend of the Atlanta Boys**. . .When Jim Cornette and the Heavenly Bodies walked the aisle at the WWF taping in Utica in July, it was the wrestling surprise of my life! The Bodies are really good and James E. was something else! PS: These damn Elvis stamps, like the man himself, are bigger than life. Takes 20 minutes to lick them!—**Scott Cornish, New Hartford, NY**. [Scott, if Elvis himself, Jesus H. Christ, and a real Tyranasaurous Rex would have walked that aisle in Utica in July, would you have been any more surprised?--Ed.]

Despite Sushi not having nearly enough commentary about Missy's "Twin Towers," here's cash and the SASE gimmick. Make mine Sushi!—**Bob Mangano, Novato, CA**. . . I would love to have attended SMW FANWEEK, but info about it came out on such late notice. If SMW does FANWEEK again next year, I hope there will be plenty of advanced warning and perhaps I can make plans to be there. PS: Hey, if WCW wants to book comedy, like with the Schlock Master, they should hire you and the Atlanta Boys!—**Robert L. Garrison, Raytown, MO**

You can rip Jim Herd all you want, but the company (and talent) under his stewardship at one point was excellent: Funk, Muto, Vader, Buzz Sawyer, Freebirds, Paul E., Steiners, Steamboat/Flair, Pillman, Arn, Rock'n Roll, Doom, Sid, Douglas & Ace, Midnights 1 & 2, Gilbert, Cactus, Luger's heel turn, and high TV ratings. Yes, Luger's face turn was forced; Sting's comeback from the knee injury was botched; Ole's booking occurred (which is what many will remember Herd for, as well as Flair's departure which was only a big deal to hardcores.) But to say Herd was a complete mistake is to ignore some awesome wrestling back then. Just compare Herd's tenure to the product since he left. The Ding Dong's debut was more entertaining than anything WCW's done since the Vader/Jack series this year.—**Greg Petrosino, Bel Air, MD**. [Greg, I never really thought I'd ever look back on the days of Jim Herd and feel anything but irritation, but you've provided a thought-provoking argument on his behalf. Like the GIRL WITH THE CURL nursery rhyme: When Jim Herd was good, he was very, very good. (But when Jim was bad, he was horrid.)--Ed.]

Thanks for the cards and letters, Sushigangsters! We'll do this again. Also, thanks to everyone who's mentioned you've enjoyed seeing Sushi in your mail boxes on just about a monthly basis lately. Can't promise anything, of course, but ya gotta know we love hearing from all of you and will put out #9 as soon as more dirt, bodies, fish heads, and REEEALLLLLLL WRESTLING NEWS pile up at Box 36189, S.J., CA 95158. --Jeff